

# New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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Vol. VI.

F. F. Beadle,  
William Adams, PUBLISHERS.  
David Adams,

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, \$3.00.  
Two copies, one year, \$5.00.

No. 284.

## IDAHO TOM, The Young Outlaw of Silverland; OR, THE HUNTERS OF THE WILD WEST.

BY OLL COOMES,

Author of "Dakota Dan," "Bowie-knife Ben," "Old Hurricane," "Hawkeye Harry," "Death Notch, the Destroyer," "One-armed Alf," "Red Rob," etc.

CHAPTER I

IDAHO TOM.

HIGH above the level of the sea reposed Lake Tahoe in its mountain thralldom.

The white, crispy snows of perpetual winter looked down from amid the clouds upon the silent, glassy sheet.

The grim old mountain seemed to rear its head aloft as if proud of the tiny jewel it held clasped to its rugged bosom, and in which its storm-scarred face had been reflected, no doubt since creation's rosy morn.

To and fro around the verdant shores, in and out of the shadows and sunshine of a summer day, like a weaver's shuttles, played the graceful deer, the fox and the hare; while a thousand plumed wings flocked the glassy bosom of the deep with their swift moving shadows.

From the craggy heights almost lost in the clouds of heaven, where the monarch of the air whetted his beak and laughed his maniac laugh, the mountain goat looked down from its wintry home upon the smiling summerland.

The air was still fresh and fragrant with the cool breath of morning. The breeze toyed with the somber pines as a thoughtless maiden toys with the rose; all the machinery of nature was in motion with the pulsing, throbbing, thrilling life of another day, when a bird started up on airy wing with a frightened scream, and soaring aloft, winged its way from the northern shore of the lake.

The cause of this alarm soon became manifest: a man whistling a sprightly lay issued suddenly from the great pine woods, his feet keeping time to the tune he was trilling.

On the shore of Silver Bay, a circular body of water joined to Tahoe by a narrow strait, the man paused, and, doffing his hat, bowed to the figure of himself that was reflected in the glassy waves.

"Good-morning, my romantic vagabond," he said, in a voice almost musical; then he broke into a peal of laughter, soft and pleasant as a maiden's.

Idaho Tom, the Outlaw of Silverland, was a fine specimen of physical manhood, though a mere boy in years. In spite of his youth, however, his name was upon every lip in all Nevada—at times coupled with crimes that were in violation of the laws of God and man; then again deeds of kindness, mercy and daring were attributed to the wild, wayward adventurer. And as the good in the heart of Idaho Tom neutralized the bad, he was admired as well as hated; respected as well as feared. He was a warm friend, a deadly foe—withal, a strange, mysterious boy, who seemed to have been thrown loose upon the cold world, to be buffeted about by the winds of adversity.

In years he was not over nineteen. His form was straight as an Indian's, rather slender, but possessed of the muscular development of an athlete and the wiry suppleness of a gymnast. A pleasant, dark-gray eye, keen as the hawk's, shot its fiery glances from beneath heavy, arching brows. The nose was just aquiline enough to give an expression of Roman courage and firmness to the character.

He was dressed in a suit that fitted close and neat, showing to advantage the outlines of his fine form.

He carried a small breech-loading rifle slung at his back by means of an ornamented strap passing over his right shoulder, across his breast and under his left arm. A pair of revolvers and a hunting-knife were in his girdle.

He was followed by a large sleek grayhound, which, for grace of movement and delicate symmetry of form, could scarcely be equaled by the gazelle. Around the animal's neck was a silver collar fastened by a tiny padlock. The name of the young master was engraved in script upon the jeweled band.

"And so we're standing upon the shores of the wonderful Tahoe, Lance, my dog," the youth said, to his dumb companion, who evinced an almost human comprehension of what was said, and answered by thrusting his sharp muzzle through the half-closed fingers of his master. "Yes, for the first time we are standing on Tahoe's romantic shore. And oh, for a draught of cool water! A long walk we've had of it, with the mercury at a boil. But this sight repays us; it is beautiful, sublime! Oh, Tahoe! lake of the clouds, with the snow-helmeted mountains mirrored



"And so we're standing upon the shores of the wonderful Tahoe, Lance, my dog!" the youth said.

in thy depths! Beautiful captive, held in chains by rock-ribbed hills! What a sight! Reposing in the lap of summer, while from you mountain high winter shakes his hoary head at thee! But, fiddlesticks! what does all this amount to, anyhow? It's lavishing unappreciated romance upon the 'desert air,' and so I—"

His meditations were interrupted by a movement of his grayhound, whose nose was thrust upward, while his keen eyes searched the cliffs that rose behind him. The delicate nostrils quivered with the intensity of his excitement. That he had detected something that boded danger, his young master had not a doubt. The youth watched the animal until his eyes finally rested upon the object they had been searching for; then the lad turned and glanced up the cliff just in time to see a plumed head disappear behind a sharp ledge about forty rods away.

"Ghost of Caesar!" exclaimed the boy, unslinging his rifle, "that was an Ingin's top-knot, or else I'm a wandering lunatic. And now, Lance, my dog, we've got to look a little out and keep ourselves seldom. So let's to shadow and wait for time to adjust matters."

The Young Outlaw of Silverland moved back from the bay and up the cliff until he had gained the cover of a clump of bushes. Here he threw himself upon the earth, and with a reckless disregard of danger, assumed a position of ease, trusting solely to his noble hound for security.

Nearly the whole of the bay was now concealed from his view by the dense shrubbery. Only a little cove or indentation, in the shore at the foot of the cliff before him, was visible; and upon its bosom was an object that arrested his attention.

It was a canoe, or rather a skiff, for it was provided with oars that now hung loose in the row-locks. It was a small affair, and yet for neatness of construction and symmetrical shape, it was such as was seldom seen in Western waters. The inside was painted red, and the outside streaked and ringed in just such fanciful colors as would captivate the soul of an Indian. At the prow was the figure-head of a swan's neck and head, the former tapering gracefully up from the body of the boat—the whole evincing the work of a skillful artisan.

Idaho Tom became so deeply interested in the handsome little craft that he entirely forgot the plumed head he had seen, up behind the ledge. He had not the remotest idea how the boat came there, who the owner was, nor why he had lavished such skill and labor on a thing so insignificant in general usefulness. He argued to himself that it must have been made where style and beauty were the first considerations, and had been carried there by some person or persons who were indulging in a season of hunting and fishing around Tahoe. If such was the case, then the owners were not far away, and the young "vagabond," as he termed himself, resolved to await their return.

Something about the skiff, the solitude of the place, and the stealthy movement of that

plumed head above, excited the youth's curiosity to the highest degree, and with the patience of an Indian, he waited and watched.

The sun mounted higher and higher, as the minutes wore away into hours. Birds chirped and sang in the stately pines above and below. Still and silent upon the glassy waves lay the gay little craft.

Idaho Tom, waiting and watching grew to monotony, and he finally became drowsy, reclining under the murmuring pines. But the time was all his own, however heavy he lay upon his hands. He had but one master to serve, and that was himself.

Lance suddenly started up, and, with ears erect, glanced down at the little skiff. The young master rose to a sitting posture, and glancing down toward the bosom of the bay, uttered a soft whistle, indicative of surprise.

Out from the adjacent shadows he saw an Indian creep with the stealthiness of a serpent. The face of the redskin was all aglow with savage curiosity. His keen, black eye were fixed, with a covetous glare, upon the little boat that lay motionless upon the bosom of the bay.

With hesitating footsteps, the warrior continued to advance toward the water's edge. Now and then he paused as if in doubt, and glanced beyond the skiff—out over the bay. By his movements, Idaho Tom thought there must be something abroad which the Indian feared; but the intervening foliage and forest shut off the view.

After considerable time spent in retreating and advancing, the savage finally reached the

water's brink. Here he stood for full a minute, half crouching, and watching something out over the bay. But the desire to possess the gay little craft upon the water, seemed to have got the better of his fears, and he cautiously entered the boat, and gazed around him, up and down the bay, as if in doubt which course to take, in his flight with the skiff. Finally, however, he seated himself upon the thwart, grasped the oars, and attempted to turn the craft out from shore. But, at the same instant, a cry escaped his lips, and his whole form was shaken, as if with a fit. His face became contorted with all the horrible agony of a man upon the rack, and, still clinging to the oars, he tugged and quivered, as if trying to tear himself away.

"Great ghost of Caesar!" exclaimed the young outlaw, starting to his feet. "What in the name of mystery ails the painted vagabond? Is he possessed of the devil?"

CHAPTER II

THE FLOATING ISLAND.

IDAHO TOM arose from his seat, adjusted his side weapons, and strode from his concealment. Down the hill he went, straight toward the savage, with his grayhound at his heels.

The contortions of the red-skin seemed to be growing worse each moment, as he tugged and pulled at the oars, until it seemed as though the veins in his face and neck would burst.

"Harkie, red-skin!" exclaimed the young outlaw, in a clear, distinct tone, "art thou possessed of Satan? or hast thy intemperate habits induced serpents to infest thy moccasins? Speak out, you son of a Piute, or I'll spring a leak in thy anatomy."

In answer, a horrible groan issued from the lips of the savage.

Idaho Tom advanced still closer to the water's edge, but the Indian seemed to take no notice of his presence. Then Tom uttered a sharp whistle, and his grayhound barked, but the savage still continued his violent contortions.

Idaho Tom was completely nonplussed. He saw that the red-skin was not attempting to deceive him, but could form no idea of the cause of such sufferings—the invisible power that held him there in the canoe, in all evident agony. But, even while he stood speculating over the matter, the Indian released his hold upon the oars, sprung to his feet, and, turning his head, glanced wildly at the young outlaw. His face was covered with great drops of sweat, and wore a look frightful to behold. His breath came quick and hard, and his very frame trembled like a reed in the wind; then, with a low cry, the savage sprung from the canoe, and fled away into the woods.

"Verily, I say, that beats his Satanic majesty all hollow," exclaimed Idaho Tom. "But I reckon he is subject to spasms and had an attack. But now then, what have we out there?"

It was apparently a floating island, which for the first time arrested his attention. It stood out some fifty or sixty rods from the shore, near the center of the bay.

For several moments this object held the attention of the youth, for something about it excited his curiosity to the highest pitch. He could see that a perfect forest of shrubbery and vegetation was growing upon it, and in its midst stood half a dozen tents. This told that the island was inhabited, and that its inhabitants were civilized people.

Who were they? The Young Outlaw of Silverland resolved to know and to hazard much in a flying visit to the island, by means of the little skiff that lay at his feet.

Stepping into the light craft, Tom called his dog in and then seated himself. He took hold of the right oar, and raising it out of the water, glanced along the slender blade with a critical eye. Then he seized the left oar; but, simultaneous with the act, a cry burst from his lips and he was pitched violently forward—prostrate in the boat, as if under the blow of an invisible hand.

In an instant the youth was upon his feet, gazing around him with a half-puzzled, half-terrified look.

"Tornados! and ea t'q a'e! Who struck me, Lance?" burst from his lips. "Oh, Lord, but it was a sooker!—pulled every nerve in my body. Durn the canoe!—it's enchanted, and I'm going to vacate. I've changed my notion,

old pard, 'bout going to the island," and taking up his rifle, Idaho Tom leaped lightly ashore.

With a puzzled look he stopped and regarded the little boat for a moment; then, with a muttered imprecation, he turned and moved away, whistling merrily to overcome his confusion.

Up on the hillside, where he could overlook the bay and the floating island, he came to a halt, and among the dense shrubbery concealed himself.

The floating island now became the first object of consideration. Its shape was rectangular, half out in two by a little cove or harbor in the side. The whole was covered with a growth of vegetation which had evidently been transplanted there by the hand of man. Here and there were little clusters of flowers. Aquatic plants and moss grew along the margin, trailing their green festooning in the water and concealing the ragged edges of the island.

In this shrubbery the tops of several tents were distinctly visible. Two or three canoes lay in the little harbor. But no sign of life was visible about the place unless it were the small birds that twittered around it. The island, as well as all its surroundings, wore an air of incongruous solitude. The unnatural silence seemed like a solemn admonition to the young outlaw to depart at once.

Something rustled the bushes near him, and the next moment a lithe figure swept past him like the wind. It was the figure of a woman—a young girl rather, upon whose white face was an expression of terror.

That she was being pursued—fleeing from some one or something, was evident from the thrashing noise in the shrubbery behind her, and then a powerful Indian, who was panting like an overworked ox, glided into view. His form was bent forward, and like a hound he was following upon the trail of the fair stranger.

Only a foot or two of dense shrubbery separated the youth from the point where the warrior must pass; and, acting under the impulse of the instant, Tom thrust the muzzle of his rifle through the shrubbery, and the red-skin stumbled and fell over it.

"Avaunt!" exclaimed Idaho Tom, springing from his concealment and confronting the savage with a cocked revolver; "avaunt, old morning-glory!"

The savage was on his feet in an instant. The eyes of the two natural foes met. The savage's face assumed a look of consuming rage, and that of the young outlaw a smile of grim triumph. The savage grasped his knife—Idaho raised his revolver. The savage uttered an indignant grunt—Idaho made a wry face at him.

"Are you a man, or a sneaking wolf?" demanded Tom, contemptuously.

"Ugh! me red-skin brave," was the fierce reply.

"A romantic red-skin, you are!" responded Tom, "to go trailing a woman—a helpless little girl. By the great ghost of old Caesar, I've a notion to let blitzer."

"White boy talk big," said the Indian, manifesting no fear, evidently to talk the youth off his guard.

"I'm an avalanche, Injin, when I get a-going; and that dog there is a perfect tornado. Between us two, we are mortal destruction—a perfect plague; if you draw that old saw-blade of a knife, you're a goner. I'll blow you plum through, I will!"

"The sound of your pistol bring lots Ingins then," replied the cunning foe.

"I don't care; if that mountain dissolves into its weight in red-skins the next minute, I'll blow you to Guinea if you draw that knife. Injin, I'm a boy, as you see, and I'm not any too steady in the nerves; and for fear my finger gives this trigger a little pull to see how much it'll bear without going off, I'll tell you what you'd better do, or die. Turn your back upon the sublime Tahoe, and with the stately tread of a war-horse ascend yon cliff. Pint your classic nose directly toward yon lightning-riven pine. Remember, great warrior of the gutter-snipe tribe, that if you turn your princely head during the ascent, it will be to invoke a shot from my rifle. Do you comprehend?"

"Ugh!" was the indignant reply.

"I'll tell you again: turn your greasy back on the lake, walk straight up the hill toward that blasted pine, and when you get there, I'll trouble you no further. If you look back while ascending the hill, I'll shoot you."

The Indian understood this, also the situation he was in. Without a word he turned and moved away—not even a look implying fear or trepidation.

Straight toward the tree indicated he made his way with unfaltering footsteps.

With a smile of triumph upon his face, Idaho Tom watched him until he was nearly to the tree, then turned and looked for the maiden he had so opportunely rescued from captivity.

He saw a canoe glide around an angle of the floating island, and in it was seated the maiden, the object of his search.

"Ghost of Caesar!" burst mechanically from the youth's lips. Then he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, and leaning upon the muzzle gazed abstractedly away into space. His mind had been suddenly wrapt in some vague fantasy—a spell that he could not shake off. It had come upon him suddenly. A face rose up before him—the face of the fair fugitive that had so recently fled past him.

"Lance," he at length said, glancing sorrowfully down at his dog, "you have always occupied the first place in my heart—always until now. You are only second now, Lance; only second, old dog."

A deep silence followed. Both dog and master seemed engaged in thought.

A gentle breeze swept up from the bay, rife with the sweet breath of the wildwoods.

The tall pines whispered among themselves, but the youth heeded them not.

Suddenly upon the silence burst the whip-like crack of a rifle, and staggering forward with a cry of agony, Idaho Tom sunk to earth.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### TOM IS WANTED—DEAD OR ALIVE.

The warrior, having left his rifle near the blasted pine when he started in pursuit of the maiden, found it ready for his grasp, and turning in his flight he took a deadly aim at the head of the young man, who, in his abstraction, had forgotten all his caution and prudence. The rifle cracked, and, with a wild war-whoop, the red-skin drew his knife and went bounding down the hill to complete his victory by securing the youth's scalp.

As he approached the hound crouched by his young master's body, looked up at the hideous red-skin with an almost human expression, wagged his tail in a friendly, conciliatory manner as if begging the savage to spare his master from mutilation.

But there was no mercy in the red-man's heart. He came on and bent over the silent, prostrate form of the youth. He twined his fingers in the glossy locks of the boy's head, when the eyes of the young outlaw suddenly opened; his hand flew quickly up. It held a cocked revolver. The weapon flashed in the warrior's face, and with a moan the outwitted youth sank to earth, a lifeless mass.

Tom sprung to his feet. He had not even been wounded, but the savage's bullet had cut uncomfortably close to his ear. Quick as was the shot the boy's act was as rapid, and the ruse resulted in the death of his treacherous master.

Shouldering his rifle, Idaho Tom tripped lightly down the hill to the shore of the bay, where he could overlook the floating island. The whole was covered with a growth of vegetation which had evidently been transplanted there by the hand of man. Here and there were little clusters of flowers. Aquatic plants and moss grew along the margin, trailing their green festooning in the water and concealing the ragged edges of the island.

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THE OLD VINE SWING.

BY JOHN WHITSON.

The soft-winged zephyr and gentle breeze Are toying still with the oaken trees; And the earth is checkered with bars of red That sift through the foliage. While the voices of nature subside and low, And the hushing sound of the river's flow, Float out like the rush of an angel's wing, And hover above the old vine swing.

The tendrils trail over its creaking form, And anchor it safe from the mountain storm, While the wild flowers spring like a blessed bower.

And wrap its form in a bright festoon; The white clouds float over it one by one, To hang like silver vails over the sun; While the old vine wins that borden the spring Linger loyally around the old vine swing.

The cricket chirps forth from the fallen tree, The flowers are sought by the busy bee, The partridge drums in the woodland drear, And the quail pipes forth from the pastures near; Still wearly back and forth again It sings its song of life. Its faint-toned chain, While the sweet-visioned warbler with brilliant wing, Are fluttering over the old vine swing.

Now it sways about in the autumn blast, A mournful relle of days long past; A sad memento of fond hopes dead, Or bright hours when we were young and free; Of days when dreams were brighter than the sun, Of faces vail'd in sternity's gloom;

Of strong loves blasted; each poisoned sting, That pierced the heart 'neath the old vine swing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elodie laughed.

"As the day dawned, and they drew near the station, the carriage gave a lurch in going over some obstacle in the road, and was over set. The lady was not injured, but the shock had displaced one of her eyes—a glass one—and before she could conceal her face by drawing her veil, Sydney saw that his bride-wear was minus an eye as well as a leg."

"Poor fellow! I pity him, indeed!"

"They had to stop at the nearest inn, as the carriage needed some repairs. The maid assisted her mistress into the parlor, and Sydney heard the latter say, as she stumped to the mirror:

"How hideous a night's travel makes one look!"

"How penitent he must have been for his rashness!"

"Just then a carriage drove up, and a gentleman entered the parlor of the inn. It was the young lady's father."

"Come to take her home?"

"By no means. He said to young Brill:

"A year since, I forbade your suit to my daughter—Sydney answered, eagerly: 'I know it, sir; I beg your pardon; and sooner offend you, I am now prepared to give her up.'

"Oh, what did she say?"

"The young lady gave a little shriek, and then into hysterics. The father responded:

"No—Mr. Brill, I do not now demand such a sacrifice of you. I thought you sought my child for her expectations of fortune. She had indeed great expectations from her aunt, Mrs. Hutton; but these are brought to naught by the second marriage of her aunt and the birth of an heir to her property. My daughter has no prospects of wealth; nothing but her loveliness and her excellence of character. You love her faithfully; you have proved that love by tempting her to an act of disobedience which, under the circumstances, I freely pardon. My blessing rests upon your union; my house and heart are open to you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Weston! What did the young man do?"

"What could he do? The father so indulgent yet Sydney knew he had only his pension as a retired colonel, that ceased at his death; and the young lady looking at him with tender eyes—one of which he knew to be false. He began muttering something about not being able to provide for her the luxuries to which she had been used; and not venturing to ask her to share his poverty, etc."

"But she protested, with tears in her one eye, that she would gladly live with him in a cottage, or a hotel; and limping across the room, she threw herself into his arms. The father lifted his hands in benediction. So Sydney was compelled to marry her."

"To marry her! What a take in!"

"She led him a terrible life; for she had a temper; if she lacked a leg and an eye. At the end of two years they separated. She had incurred poor Sydney deeply in debt by her extravagance; and he gave up to her all he had, and went to the Mexican war."

"To be killed there, I suppose?"

"I was served with notice to-day that he means to claim the property, in right of his son."

"Poor Elodie! But you will not give up her right?"

"Not while I have an inch of ground to stand upon! But if I cannot prove the marriage, I fear resistance will be useless."

"Are you sure the marriage ever took place?"

"I am morally certain of it. Mrs. Rashleigh told me the certificate was with the other papers. She must often have seen it. It must have been stolen while she was helpless on her death-bed."

"Then the girl is truly of honorable birth, even if she cannot prove it?"

"I have not a doubt of it."

"That is the main thing. Fortune is of less importance."

"You do not know the world, Emily; or rather, you know only the society world that looks on the surface."

"Even if she loses her money, she may have a home here; and with her beauty and accomplishments she may marry well."

"I cannot give her the advantages she ought to have; and her talents merit them," said Wyndham, sadly.

"She must take her chance, like the rest of us," responded Emily. "Now I must go, and dress. Oh, Wyndham, we might have had such a pleasant evening if you had not invited that Italian lion, the Count del Raggio! He will spoil everything!"

She glided from the room; and her brother began to walk to and fro, as was his wont when troubled in mind. The darkened prospects of Elodie distressed him.

The girl, white as death, had heard every word. She sat motionless as a marble statue. Her property lost; her right to her father's name disputed; her protectors giving her a home out of charity, and they apprehensive of public opinion, should her history be disclosed!

She felt as if the world, that had seemed so bright, lay crumpled to ashes around her. She started up to rush out and overwhelm her guardian with questions; but suddenly checked herself. She knew what his advice would be; that she should remain passive and quiet. Her brain reeled; her heart throbbed; she felt the instant necessity for the relief of tears and sobs. Softly she opened a door in the recess leading into the hall, and escaped to her own room.

CHAPTER X.

A DISCOVERY.

On her return home, Elodie went into the library. She was accustomed to spend hours in the curtained recess at the end, reading her favorite romances, when she had finished her practicing.

It did not appear that the judicious advice of either mother or daughter had any effect in changing the bent of the pupil's determination.

"Ah, child, there is many a thorn in the artist's rose-wreath."

"I want to dress, and sing, and act some grand part! To feel myself in a new, glorious world; to thrill crowds with my voice; to have bouquets thrown to me, in the midst of tumultuous applause!"

"Poor Elodie! I can see that you dwell on the vain side of the dream! You must not indulge such fancies. You have a vast deal to learn, and many errors to unlearn, before you could even begin a professional life."

"I know all the difficulties; but I do not despair of conquering them. Have I not improved since I took lessons?"

"Very much, indeed!"

"I will go on improving. And when you turn me off finished, so far as you can finish me, I will have masters—the very best; and if necessary, I shall go to Paris or Italy, and study there!"

"Again I say, do not indulge fancies that may never be realized."

"Why not, if I have the means to indulge them, and am determined on it?"

After more conversation of this kind, Olive rose and opened the folding doors connecting the two little parlors.

There was a bright little fire, and in its glow an easy-chair drawn up beside a stand covered with embroidered cloth, on which stood a vase full of fresh flowers.

An elderly lady sat reading the *Holy Scriptures*; the volume resting on the stand.

She wore a loose robe of silver-gray cashmere, tied in front with white ribbons, and a cap of soft mull, prettily embroidered, with a white rosette and bow at the side.

"Mamma, dearest," said the soft voice of her daughter, "you have often taken pleasure in hearing Elodie sing and play, and wondered at her marvelous progress. Hear now what she says about her own future, and give her your advice."

Elodie was not afraid of the sweet old lady, and did not hesitate at repeating what she had said.

"Ah, my child, you will think differently of all this when two or three years more have rolled over your head!"

The girl protested as before.

"People who cling to such dreams, in their inexperience, remind me of Sydney Brill's elopement," remarked Mrs. Weston, smiling.

"Tell me about that."

"Sydney was a romantic young gentleman, and fancied himself in love with a young lady whose father had refused his consent to the match. The daughter was an invalid, but an heiress, and Sydney had always seen her in an easy-chair, as you see me now, Elodie—or in a carriage, driving out with her father. He was charmed with her face as well as her fortune, and at length persuaded her to elope with him."

"I thought he would do that!"

"Her maid helped her into the carriage late one evening, and followed her. Sydney sat on the front seat. His attention was drawn to a curious knocking at regular intervals, on the bottom of the vehicle. He wondered several times if any part of it had given way. At last he put his head out to bid the driver stop, that he might see what was broken. His lady-love clasped his arm, and begged him not to do it. By degrees she confessed the truth. She had lost a leg some years before by a fall from her horse, and it was her warden member that kept up the knocking."

Elodie laughed.

"As the day dawned, and they drew near the station, the carriage gave a lurch in going over some obstacle in the road, and was over set. The lady was not injured, but the shock had displaced one of her eyes—a glass one—and before she could conceal her face by drawing her veil, Sydney saw that his bride-wear was minus an eye as well as a leg."

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CHAPTER XI.

"A heart never awakened, then. I once nearly made her a declaration."

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## THE Saturday JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1875.

The Saturday JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One cent, for one month	\$1.00
Two cents, for one year	3.00
Four cents, for two years	6.00

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Buffalo Bill's Best Story,

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DEADLY EYE,

## The Mysterious Marksman,

at once plants the celebrated scout in the front rank of writers of Wild Western Romance. It is so fresh, vigorous and original—so full of the telling interest of personal adventure—so stamped with intimate knowledge of his characters and scenes—that the famous Prince of Hunters and Guides becomes also the

## PRINCE OF STORY-TELLERS!

The scene is laid on ground over which Mr. Cody has tramped as hunter, and scouted as guide to emigrant-train and government troops; and his chief actors in the story's drama are the very persons he has known. Out of the thousand exciting and marvelous experiences of

His Own Wild and Astonishing Career he herein brings to the front a series of adventures and episodes of life in the verge of civilization which make a romance at once thrilling, exciting and captivating.

## Sunshine Papers.

## The Secret of a Sound.

HARK! Was that a scream rended the sultry summer stillness of the air?

Yes! there it is again; and another; and another; and the voice is that of a woman. Now they are stifled. Now the after dinner quiet has fallen all about the house again. What could they have meant? Who could it have been? They sounded so near and yet the neighborhood is wrapped, now, in profoundest silence. No one is moving. The sunlight falls yellow and hot upon motionless trees, deserted streets, darkened houses. Next door, on one side, lives a clergyman and wife and son. It is as impossible that those cries of fear and pain—sounding of equal mental and physical torture—could have come from there, as that they could have come from our other neighbors', where live a young couple who seek no interests or happiness outside each other and their home. Across the wide avenue, away in the shadows of that fine old park, resides a stately widowed dame with her worthy daughter, famed for miles as a Lady Bountiful. Then we have only the homes in our real to speculate regarding—cottages filled with the lower strata of the populace of our town. Naturally one would deem the shrieks came from here. Naturally, unless one has found, as we have, that brutality is sometimes in higher homes.

We learned to suspect first, have come to know by horrible confirmation at last, the secret of that voiced suffering. It seems such a perfect home, the one next door; so all sufficient to the young wife and husband, with its maid and man servant, its comforts and quiet. He sits in his easy-chair on the veranda reading books and the daily papers, cares for his pet dogs, supervises his business, keeps regular hours, and seldom leaves the house. She moves about her little household duties and is seldom seen. But after a time we get to know and like her, so kindly, and bright, and fond of Charlie. By and by the maid-servant is sent away. Then the little wife does all the work, and is brave, and merry, and laughs over her experiences in new duties and arts. For she was never taught to work. An only daughter of a prosperous widow—a petted darling—she was merely instructed in the accomplishments of a convent education; and from her convent, graduated to a place in the best society of an aristocratic village not many miles out from the metropolis.

It was a nine days' wonder when the news got abroad that the merry belle intended to marry the son of a man whose name is known among depraved classes of society from Maine to Texas. To be sure the man was rich; moreover, so was Charlie, and gentlemanly. And as Charlie was in nowise responsible for his father's business, concerned with it, nor countenanced it, and was heartily ashamed of the parental notoriety, she saw no reason why he should not be esteemed according to his own merits, loved him, and married him. And he seems contented with his home, cares for nothing outside of it, and is doting fond of his wife! Oh! so fond of her! One's ideas of nineteenth century men really grow elevated through knowing him! We commence to think Love's young dream certainly is sweet, and that marital affection is not merely myth of the past!

First Charlie takes this girl, who has thought all her sacrifices light for love of him, among strangers. Well, that is nothing so long as they have each other. Eventually the entire drudgery of the household devolves upon her; she seldom gets away for a day's visit home; seldom goes out of doors, never sits upon the veranda nor at the front windows; has few clothes—none that he purchases—and does not know what it is to take a five-minute walk in the open air. Perhaps Charlie's finances are responsible mostly for this? Not at all; Charlie is well-to-do! Oh! no! Charlie's love is the divinity that shapes her life. If she goes out some other man might come near her, look upon her, speak of her. And is she not his? His as much as the blooded dogs he pampers? And if he chooses to exhibit them, why that is his pleasure; but he does not choose to exhibit her, so he keeps her confined with work, and no clothes, and flies in a passion if she goes near a street window. Twice she

walked to the shops of errands. Both times he watched her. The second time she met a gentleman friend of her mother's—shook hands with him and walked calmly on. Charlie met her at home in a rage, and—whipped her.

We read of Pat or Mike beating Bridget and Ann; but that would not be a proper and refined way of wording a respectable young American's method of expressing his love for his wife, would it? When Charlie finds his wife resting in a rocker at the front parlor window he makes heavy use of his hand; when once she ventured to spend an hour with a sick neighbor, who had his husband, he welcomed her return with—let us speak of it politely—a chastisement; and the screams that disturbed the summer afternoon were from Charlie's faithful little wife, who believes no one knows her husband's flinch nature, and so fondly conceals his faults. She was swooping the hall, and so stood chattering a moment, she so seldom sees a human creature to talk with, to the errand-boy from the near hotel. Her husband saw it, and dragged her in, and his blows echoed the cries that startled us from our warm dreams.

And so the tragedy goes on. And this inhuman shape of the demon jealousy averts that loves the victim he has allured to so horrible a doom. Love! What a pollution of the word to use the syllabification of a pure, tender, ardent, sacred emotion as a synonym for a base, foul, flinch passion! As if love and jealousy had any ground in common! Love delights to honor, to glorify, to make sacrifices. Love would fain give all and ask nothing. Love stakes faith and truth, and purity, and all it holds dear and sacred, upon a word—a glance. Jealousy tortures, degrades, and kills. Jealousy demands a brutal submission of every physical, mental and spiritual faculty, and rewards such sacrifices with contumely and blows and dastardly distrust. Jealousy finds "trifles, light as air, confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ," and scoffs at any inherent or cultivated good, and derides all truth and virtue. Love is heavenly and jealousy hellish; and yet there are men and women who forget "jealousy is a monster, begot upon itself, born on itself," and call it proof of love, and pride themselves upon having a spice of it in their natures; God help them!

Our heart bleeds for Charlie's wife, because we are near her, and shudderingly know the suffering she endures, and how bravely she holds to her youthful faith in him. But, oh! who, can count the many hearts that are breaking, the sins and cruelties that are steeping lives in shame and crime, through the workings of that same demon that rules the senses and hands of our young neighbor? Men and women, you who dream of uniting your lives in a bond not lightly indissoluble and affecting the welfare of many mortals yet unborn, see to it that you purge your natures of even one drop of that diabolical passion which is poison to love, and is "Cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

We are pained to hear of the recent death of our quondam contributor, Lettie Arley Irons, whose pertinent essays, sweet home romances and the serial "Mad Nathan" (which appeared under a nom de plume) attest a talent of no common order. She was an invalid, and often wrote on a bed of pain, and for the last few years of her life, as we learn, was a terrible sufferer, so that death, usually so terrible to the young, was a great boon. "Whom the gods love die young." May her memory forever green with those who knew her, and those who knew her not will pay the sweet tribute of sympathy and regret. Rest, sweet spirit.

## A NEW SOCIETY.

SINCE we have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, why can't we have one for the prevention of cruelty to human beings? I am sure we need one badly enough and it is high time one was formed. You can't think how many ways people are cruelly treated, and I'm about to enlighten you concerning the matter.

It is cruelty of people to tell you—when you are down in the world—that it has been your own fault, that it serves you right and you should have been more prudent and careful, that they regret matters have eventuated as they have done but you should have known what to expect. They have made their way in the world and you should be left to do the same. A person cannot expect another to help himself out of the ditch into which he has voluntarily flung himself. That is their idea of the matter. What cold comfort that is, how charitable, how kind, how Christian-like! Yes, and I'm about to enlighten you concerning the matter.

It is cruel of editors to harrow up the minds of sensitive readers by giving the fullest items of murder cases, shocking accidents, fearful fires and heartrending famines. It is pandering too much to a sickly, morbid, sensational appetite and is productive of no good whatever.

It is done to make the paper pay, but it seems to me it could be made to pay as well by using other means.

The glaring headlines are enough to affright any one. It is injurious to the child and of no earthly benefit to the adult. If the "evil" is not corrected the time will come when we shall want the press to fill their papers with nothing else but horrors. It may all seem very energetic on the part of the editors to try and gain all the particulars, but to me, it seems something akin to cruelty to thrust these matters which might be left unprinted in the very faces of those who are really shocked by the recital.

Here is a slip copied from a paper: "Mrs. William E. Lynch, of Brooklyn, had the doctor prescribe opium powders for her, and magnesium powders for her baby. She gave the opium powders to the child and is short one baby." I presume that paragraphist thought himself remarkably witty, but it strikes me downright cruelty was mixed with it. Don't you suppose that mother felt the mistake she had made keenly enough without having such paragraphs written about it? It was a shallow brain and the hand of a trifler which conceived and penned that item. He makes another individual our society should look after. His comes under the head of cruel beings.

The man who started the fearful hoax of the burning of a Chicago theater has much to answer for. You may remember he even gave the names of those who perished in the flames. One man's name was among them. When his wife and mother read that apparently truthful report, what was the result? One of those women died and the other is a hopeless maniac. "It was only a funny hoax," people said. Where did the fun lie? Are death and madness so very funny? If I had written the article, and seen the result, I would have felt myself to be a murderer. Remorse would have killed me in less than a week's time. Is there no punishment for the perpetrator of so

wicked a falsehood. Maybe you think his own guilty conscience will be his greatest punishment. Maybe I think he hasn't any such artifact about him as a conscience. It seems to me that no one with any conscience could be guilty of such a cruel imposture. If he isn't a case for our society to consider, who is, pray tell me?

Cruel are they who cast aspersions on your character—not exactly saying, in so many words, that you are not a fit person to associate with but leaving others to infer that such was just what they meant. Cruel are they who strive to breed mischief between man and wife—to advise neither to give in to the weak points of the other—to make mountains out of molehills, and tattle what this husband says of his wife and what that wife says about her husband, pretending to be a friend to each party, and yet a foe to both. To make enemies of those who have been lifelong friends—to fan the fire of domestic difficulties instead of quenching them—to advise recourse to the divorce court instead of settling disputes by loving words and generous forgiveness: this surely is cruelty refined. Cruel are they who will show no mercy to an enemy, a debtor or one who does them wrong. Many and many a sin are we guilty of because we do not cover them with charity. Our society is needed, and I believe would be success. Never you fear but we should have plenty of objects to work for; we would have our hands full. But—I fear that I shall not live to see the society for the prevention of cruelty to human beings.

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## My Garden This Year.

My garden this year is in a very advanced state of forwardness, and is going ahead as fast as its progress will allow it to proceed.

The pea-vines are exceedingly high, and I was led to think that by this time we would have a nice mess, but on pulling up a vine to-day I found there wasn't any pods on the roots yet, and yet they told me they were remarkably early in getting up in their little beds.

My cucumbers are coming along nicely, but they are still green. It will be a long time before they are ripe, I fear, but I have taken the leaves off the vines so the sun can have a full sweep at them and ripen them as quickly as possible.

My radishes are up pretty far, but as yet they haven't blossomed, and of course there are no little radishes on the vines. It seems a long while to wait for radishes. The roots are fine and large, and I would try them but I don't want to destroy the stalks for they may be bare yet, if it is late.

The weeds have almost entire possession of the garden, although I hoot it only four weeks ago. My wife suggests that we eat the weeds and let the vegetables go.

Nobody fully knows how much comfort there is in having a garden unless they have one themselves. It is one of the most exhilarating things in the world to get up early in the morning while the dew is yet upon the leaves and grass, and go out into the garden and pull up two or three weeds, while the early birds are singing, the vegetables springing, and—the breakfast-bell ringing! A weed or two pulled up every morning in the course of a season amounts to a good deal more than you would imagine.

And then how inspiring it is to go out in the garden in the cool of the evening with your hoe in your hand and talk to your neighbor across the fence! I do enjoy agricultural life, to a great extent.

I have not pulled my water-melon vines yet, but shall as soon as I can get the poles.

I am fonder of acorns than men usually are, and have planted a row clear across the lot, next to the beans. They are up, and if the weather is favorable my neighbor says I will have acorns in a month or six weeks to sell.

My chestnuts are also up about an inch, and I have every reason to expect a full and early crop.

I have cut up some several inches, but I pulled a stalk of it up to-day and found only one grain attached to it, and that looked very much like the one I planted. I looked for at least a small ear at the root. I fear I didn't plant the right kind of corn to produce well.

I don't know. I ought to be satisfied with the course of nature, but it does really seem to me that I would be glad if some of the grass that is in my garden was in the front yard.

My wife and I had a long squabble about the way we should put in the little onions, but I held my way in spite of all, and put the wrong ends down. The consequence was, after going down some ways in search of daylight and atmosphere, the onions turned around and shot up, and every onion-stem is shaped like a hook, but it doesn't improve the scent or destroy the strength of that aromatic fruit, by any means; they are rather stronger on account of the crook than straight ones.

The lettuce I drilled came up in due time, but after cultivating it for some time I was told that it was timothy and hard to plant, and then I thought it was hard to worth while to cultivate it any longer.

There is certainly something inspiring for a man to walk out into his well-ordered garden, trampling down vegetables at every step or two, and see the plants growing up from the seed which his hands have sown. It looks like they grew at his command; his self-glory changes, though, when he looks at the weeds.

I have taken the hoe several times to cut down every weed in the yard, but if I had done so where would moralists get an illustration of the weed, Vice, growing up by the side of the vegetable, Virtue? That is one of the many reasons why I haven't a weedy garden.

My potatoes didn't come up well at all, from the fact that I must have planted a good many blind ones, and they couldn't see their way out. The next time I plant potatoes I shall make a hole running down to them, so they can come right up. About the only things that grow on these vines so far are potato-bugs; there seems to be no end to them except to those which I kill.

I find that it is very expansive to the muscles and gives a man a keen appetite to go out into your garden in the forenoon with a sharp hoe and set a little nigger to work with it; I can hardly wait for dinner, and then again I don't somehow feel tired after all that exertion.

The chickens helping me to scratch around the garden would pay if so many of the vegetables didn't come up. If I ever make a garden again, I think I shall train a gang of good stock chickens for that work, and live at ease. Patent applied for.

A very fine mess of greens was the first of vegetables we had this year out of our garden, and there is plenty left—of dandelions.

The question is asked: "Does gardening pay?" Well, it paid the man who spaded mine. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

The "Big Papers of New York and other great cities are not financial successes. They give too much for the money. In the race for popular favor they carry too much sail, and will have to retrench or run ashore. In a good paper it is not so much the quantity as quality of matter that retails." The papers are daily written with redundant and irrelevant writing, which a thorough revision would have reduced 50 per cent. in volume, and thereby have made the paper 50 per cent. more effective. A little more work and a great deal less words are what are wanted in the "triple sheets."

—Wondering what becomes of all the lead pencils in order. In one week of last month a firm near this city received orders for 445 miles of lead pencils. To make these only 83,000 feet of cedar timber are required, and after they are made will load six freight cars. A certain editor, who is nothing if not a philosopher, says: "This immense consumption of lead pencils is doubtless caused by the attempts of women to sharpen them with a pair of scissors or a dull case-knife. Persons who have witnessed these efforts need no longer wonder at the demand." He must have been a scissors and knife-grinder, in early life, to know so much about it.

—Egypt has two enlightening rulers who desire to put that country on the civilized track; they are the Khedive himself and his Minister of Foreign Affairs. They hold that while the doctrine of "Egypt for the Egyptians" is a sound one, still, to run the machine on that system, a little more foreign talent and skill are needed, and the old fogyism of Egypt is of course to be got rid of. Egypt, where the one man rule is supreme, are only kept for ornament.

The Khe-dive is shrewd and sagacious enough to put Americans in position throughout all departments of his government, from nurses and directors to major generals. Egypt will progress.

A boy tried his first pipe the other day. When his father came home to dinner, he found him braced against a barrel, with his legs spread apart, his hands and lower jaw drooping listlessly, and a deathly pallor overspreading his face.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired the amazed parent. "My teacher is sick," gasped the boy. "Well, you mustn't feel so bad about it, Tommy," said the father, kindly. "She will get well again, without a doubt."

And then, stepping into the house, he observed to his wife that that was the most sympathetic boy he ever saw. "Good pap!" That boy will be calling him "governor" before he is a year older, and asking for an increase of pocket-money.

—The trade in tissue paper patterns is enormous. One house recently ordered 5,000 reams of paper and two millions of envelopes in which to place the patterns. These patterns are so perfect that dresses for costume parties are easily made, and are fast becoming popular. These patterns are made of book cloth, and are usually living far from any village or settlement. Every garment worn by men, women or children can be made from them; they are notched at the places to join them; the number of yards for each garment and its trimming is faithfully given. Ingenuity is fostered, comfort is promoted, and, in fine, we are inclined to class paper patterns among the great inventions of the age. They are as much signs of our advancing civilization as the rapidly-growing debts of our cities.

—Of the ex-Emperor Ferdinand, of Austria—whose recent death made not a ripple on the political or social sea—we are told that he kept after his abdication the family estate and the large private fortune left to him by the Emperor Francis. Owing to his retired mode of life the fortune left by him has been considerably increased. The family estate goes to Archduke Franz Karl, the present emperor's father, as the next in succession of the reigning branch of that family. The private fortune has been disposed of by the wife, who had made arrangements for its disposal, and according to which the bulk of it goes to the present Emperor Francis, who is

## "AUGUST."

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

Come listen to me, *ma chere*;  
Since last sun-eyed August-time  
I have worn for you a crown  
For those sweet lips of thine!  
You remember well the bargain,  
If I could prove that you  
Were oftentimes a cunning pilferer,  
The reward should be my Rue.

Do you forget, *ma chere*,  
What we said, and when, and where?  
The flowers seemed staled by sun-thrusts  
As the eyes of a bird or a air;  
A head beat, intense, was grapping  
With the toilers, man and beast;  
The voluptuous fruit hung languid  
'Neath the sun-god's wanton feast.

Then, as now, the river lilles—  
Floating, waken, bird-like things—  
Nested closer to the waters.  
Bathing off their emerald wings.  
Love, like the lilles, the bushes,  
Bent and gossiped lazily  
As the sunset's trail stretched golden  
Paths of light for Rue and me.

Then the rustling of his going—  
Waked the merry songster-thrush,  
And the sibilant wood-reveille  
Told of insect strife begun.  
But a year has gone, *ma chere*,  
And again the August moon  
Wakes the sapphire floor above us  
In his golden, golden beam.

Let this magic month bear witness  
With its flowers, its fruit, its skies,  
That you've been a *laugh* pilferer.  
For you'll never choose dyes,  
Not a word, please! watch the flashing  
Of the blue, through tissed sheer—  
Why that sky-robed mist and azure  
In your proud eyes rush and gleam.

See the parted, ruddy cherries,  
Like rubies, bright and gay;  
Did you steal their wine-glow from them  
With a kiss, whose pleasure—pain—  
Promised that their stolen color  
Still should tempt the lips of man,  
With a downward, saucy challenge—  
"You'll taste me, if you can!"

No, I'll prove it, the grave chance is true,  
Then my fee must be the culprit's due,  
Is it 'yea' or 'nay,' dear Rue?  
Like all men, perverse, unyielding,  
There is no escape, I guess,  
So for fear of cherry-temping,  
I will have to answer 'Yes'."

## Looking Back.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

THAT it was the middle of September when Julian North took his holiday, was owing to the fact that genius and affluence were with him inversely proportional.

That there was nobody in the house when he rang the bell of his cousin, Mrs. Jordan's, country house except Virginia. Rose was only a chance—that is, provided chance ever has a part in settling the course wherein mortal lives shall run. Whether it was Chance, or whether it was Fate, the fact was there.

Mr. North, with his artistic knapsack strapped across his shoulders, his valise in his hand, and the dust of travel plentifully besprinkled over him, awaited the answer to his summons. Miss Rose, in a sea-green, filmy dress, which surrounded her like a floating mist, with corals stranded in her hair, with a cluster of trailing grasses and pink buds clasped in the soft lace of her corsage, coming out through the shadowed hall stopped at sight of him.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. North," said she, as if it had been only yesterday she parted from him instead of a year before. "Mrs. Jordan has driven into town, and there is no one left but me. There is a room ready for you somewhere up stairs; if you care to attempt finding it, I will make a raid upon the pantry, and see what it may contain in the way of lunch for you. By-the-by, it is the left hand passage and second door, I believe."

"Thanks," murmured Mr. North, and went up the stairs seeing nothing but a sea-green mist floating before him.

Four hours later Mrs. Jordan drove home, and found six feet of manhood, incased in a tweed suit, with her lace embroidery frame tipped over his nose as an impromptu fly-protector, slumbering peacefully upon her parlor sofa.

"I wonder if there is another such unconscionable man in the universe! To think you should come this morning of all mornings, Julian! I have looked for you for a week, and stirred out to-day for the first, having almost given you up. How have you managed to get rid of the time since the train came in?"

"The time, on, that was beguiled for me, knowledge of it, I mean. By Urile herself, I believe; a sea-green naiad, a goddess of the vasty deep, all but the dripping sea-weed and rose-lipped shells."

"Virginia Rose! she has a reputation which might rival the Lurries; you want to be on your guard. Where is she now?"

"In the position of one of those persons who never hear any good of themselves," Miss Rose answered, as she swung back the door and came in. "When you are possessed with a desire to slander any one in future, Mrs. Jordan, be sure that the person is out of ear-shot; the days of dueling may be exploded, but there remain other ways of forcing a refutation of libelous charges than by sacrificing our two nearest male relatives on the point of the sword."

"And truth will not admit refutation, my dear. Have you two become so well acquainted that a presentation is not necessary?"

"Not at all necessary," put in North. "Our acquaintance dates back a year. I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Rose at Ridgetop."

"Where you insisted upon burying yourself in the wilderness last season, Virginia! Would you believe it, Julian, she declares the weeks she passed in seclusion there were the very pleasantest of her life—a preposterous assertion which needs confirmation before I can believe it."

Mrs. Jordan was just a trifl obtuse, but the gleam which came into North's face, together with the glance her young lady guest shot toward her, caused her to turn from that subject precipitately.

"Now that you are here, Julian, I do hope you will be content to let brush and paints alone for a time. You must rest after being cooped up in your studio all summer through."

"Waiting for patrons who declined to come, I haven't been overworked on orders, I do assure you, cousin mine. I need inspiration more than rest, and I am fortunate in having found it at the outset. Miss Rose has kindly promised to let me paint her my picture, 'Looking Back.' It is to be my grand effort, and I have been for weeks in the black depths of despair at failing to find the right sort of face for it. Can you spare me one of the attic chambers for a painting-room, in addition to your other kindnesses, do you think?"

"A needless question, as you should know. The house is big enough to spare you half a dozen rooms, if you want them; you can have your choice, if you are determined to work, but, depend upon it, you had better take my advice."

"Who ever does take good advice?" asked Miss Rose languidly. "Is that your better half home already, Myra? Time we were dressing for dinner, then, I suppose."

The two ladies rustled out together as Mr. Jordan came in, and gave a hearty welcome to the new-comer beneath his hospitable roof.

"Now, Virginia—" began Mrs. Jordan, half-way up the main staircase.

"Now, Myra," cut in Miss Rose, decidedly, "Don't begin a lecture, if you can possibly help it. I have done nothing to deserve one."

"If you would only promise me that you will do nothing. Do show mercy toward Julian, if you never did toward any one before. He is a favorite of mine, and one of those poetical dreamers who would take a disappointment to heart more than the whole score or so of victims you have already made to feel your power. Don't add him to the list, I beg of you."

"You credit me with a degree of fatality I lay no claim to possessing, Mrs. Jordan."

"Whether or not, don't sit for that picture, Virginia. Don't put temptation in the boy's way. Besides, Mr. Harding might not like it—would not, I am sure."

Being a woman, Mrs. Jordan should have known better than to have employed that as an argument.

A quick flush surged up all over the other's face, a kind of suppressed defiance flashed in her glance.

"Mr. Harding is not the arbiter of my destiny yet, whatever he may be hereafter. I have given my promise, and I shall keep it; I assuredly shall sit for that picture."

Remonstrance would have been of no avail, after that. Mrs. Jordan groaned in spirit, and composed herself to look on, in the days which followed, powerless to avert the evil she felt was being wrought. The day came when sheer despair drove her into taking counsel of her husband, a move which Mrs. Jordan seldom made, never while any other resource was left to her, and then with no great expectation of benefiting by advice of his.

"If it were only an ordinary flirtation I wouldn't mind," said she, in great uneasiness. "But you know Julian; if he already isn't heart and soul in earnest, he will be soon. I do believe he regards her as a little higher than the angels now, and the truth will cast a bright over his whole life. He promises so well, he has real genius, it does seem too great a pity that he should be sacrificed. She might be satisfied with the havoc she has made already, but it's always the way with your thorough coquettes—their occupation is gone when there are no more men's hearts to wring. I half pitied her her fate before this, but now I will say the heartless creature doesn't deserve any better."

"Going to marry Harding, isn't she?" Mr. Jordan queried. "Most people would consider that no hard fate."

"Most people would only look at the outside of the matter then. The man has no more blood than a fish; he is both cruel and selfish, and worships no god but himself. I miss my mark if Virginia doesn't rue the day she ever took up with him, for all his fine house and good standing. But that won't make it any the less hard on Julian. He will not be warned, so I suppose there's no help for him."

"How would it answer if I should give Harding a hint, bring him back with me in fact, next time I go into the city? He will bring Miss Rose to time, if any one can, I'll be bound."

"It can do no harm," Mrs. Jordan conceded, with an inward sensation of relief, which, the proposition not originating with herself, she did not feel bound to express.

And thus the future lord and master of Miss Rose was brought upon the scene.

A tall thin man, with a pale face and retreating forehead, with dull light eyes, a man who would distract by intuition after your first glance at him, a man who wore one perpetual disagreeable smile, selfish and cold-blooded—a man whom no principles of honor would sway from any purpose upon which his mind was fixed.

"A pleasant surprise for you, my dear," said Mrs. Jordan, sweetly, as she ushered him into the parlor and the presence of her two other guests. "Mr. Harding, permit me—my cousin, Mr. North."

"A surprise, certainly," said Miss Rose, but with scarcely a pleasurable accent, while Mr. North bowed in blissful unconsciousness of the mine upon which he was standing.

"You are to admit us to inspect your picture, Julian, at once; it is completed, all but the finishing touches, he tells me, Mr. Harding. You will consider that a fortunate circumstance, when I tell you that Virginia's time has been so monopolized by the painting-room, that I have had by far the least portion of her society. Here we are; and I really think we are safe in predicting our artist success."

The temporary studio was full of ruddy afternoon light. The little group closed before the easel as Julian removed the baize which covered it, and Mrs. Jordan's tongue ran on volubly:

"It is a picture, you perceive, not a portrait. One of the somber sort of pieces, and the expression is doleful as one might care to see, but it is a wonderfully vivid presentation of the subject."

It was. Looking, you saw a stately hall, with only a hint of gorgeous fittings apparent, through the murky dusk shadows filling it, with one broad shaft of pale light streaming in at an open casement. Falling full upon the face of a woman in royal purple robes, her idle hands clasped, unutterable pathos and uttermost weariness in the somber brooding eyes. The face of a woman who has made life's greatest mistake, and looks back with life's greatest weariness upon her when it is too late.

"I walk up and down among silk,  
And the servants come at my call,  
And the milkmaids bring me their milk;  
But I mourn in the midst of it all.

I try and strive till I faint,  
And wish I could only lie  
Always asleep, and dream that I live  
In the happy days gone by."

That was the story it told.

"Ah, very fine," said Mr. Harding, contemplating it. "A fanciful subject, and the face really does you credit, Virginia, in spite of its exaggerated melancholy. I think I must have the picture, Mr. North. Possession of the original will not satisfy me now; I really should not like so accurate a portrait of the future Mrs. Harding to go on exhibition, therefore consider it sold at your own price, my dear sir."

No one, apparently, observed the change which came over the artist. A shadow closed suddenly down upon his face; he glanced toward Miss Rose, but she was looking a tattered bared while she picked to pieces a knot of flowers she had worn in her belt.

"Is it true?" asked North, beside her, a moment later. "Mrs. Jordan's generalship had conveyed Harding safely from the scene, and they two were alone together."

She lifted her eyes to his face, more than a little startled by his stern pallor, and answered falteringly:

"Surely you knew; everyone knew, I thought."

"As Heaven hears me, I never knew!"

The thrill of wild, despairing passion shocked her through and through. She had no power to withdraw her gaze from his; she felt, suddenly, a great horror of his, a great pity for him in the depths of her shrinking, conscience-stricken soul. Face to face, eye to eye, for one instant they stood; in that instant each knew the truth, knew that life apart from each other would be the travesty of life's best hopes.

Then North leaned forward, that impelling gaze searching hers with a solemn earnestness.

"Must it be so, Virginia? Can I not tempt you to me, my darling?"

The breathless tone, the pleading words, cut to her very heart. Could she be unselfish enough, brave enough? She had almost yielded; then she caught a glimpse of Harding's face beyond the doorway.

She turned away with a little laugh, a laugh most desolate.

"One need never fight against fate, and mine is fixed. Who knows but that picture is prophetic?"

"Shall it be?" he asked, stillly. "It rests with you."

Should it be? She carried that question with her as she escaped from him, escaped from the house also.

Two hours later, as the day dropped into silver dusk, Virginia stood in an obscure walk of the grounds, the traces of a struggle past, faded from her face, the peace of a moral battle gained reflected there. A footstep crunching on the gravel, and she turned to face Harding as he approached.

"My dear, I have been looking for you," he began.

"And I am glad you have come, glad I have the chance to speak while I have the strength." There was a strange agitation in her voice, the quiet of intense excitement upon her as she went on hurriedly. "I merit nothing better than that you should despise me; I have been upon the verge of doing both you and myself a great, an irreparable wrong. I promised to marry you, Mr. Harding; promised it for the sake of your wealth and your station, not for yourself. I have learned to know myself in justice to both let us free each other now."

There was no change on the man's cold, hatefully smiling face, but he gave her one sharp glance.

"Is it due in any degree to our talented artist that you have learned to know yourself so suddenly, Virginia?"

A hot tide swept from chin to brow, but she met his eyes steadily.

"I am not ashamed to say that it is due to him. Knowing that, you will not refuse to release me."

Grim, stern, fixed and cruel as fate itself came his reply.

"I do refuse. I never give up a purpose, once I have determined upon it, Miss Rose; and I have determined that you shall be my wife. Neither that knowledge, nor any power on earth shall lead me to give you your freedom now."

They fell like the words of her doom. The man was jealously vindictive; that another should win what he had failed in doing, filled him with a bitter rancor, but at least it was in his power to prevent another from wearing her hair.

She drew her shawl about her, and walked down to the bay, after he had left her. North was there before her, lying at length upon the sand, his moody face upturned toward the darkening sky. He sprang up as she came close to him, and, with a great gush, put out both hands.

"Julian, save me; save me from myself and him."

All over his face broke an eager light.

"Do you mean it? Oh, my darling, my darling! you are not mocking me!"

Nothing but earnestness in her uplifted glance, earnestness all convincing. He caught her hands in an intense, rapturous clasp.

"Do you see that boat yonder, Virginia? Will you go in with me across the bay to the minister's house, and be my wife to-night?"

"I will go. I love you, and he of his own accord will never give me up. 'Marguerite,' passionately, "I would rather die with you a thousand, thousand times than live without."

Does Providence ever take us mortals at our word?

Neither North nor Miss Rose returned to Jordan House that night; next morning came some one who had seen them crossing the bay in the cockle-shell boat which was gone from the landing. Later the boat was found floating bottom up, and they were washed ashore in the glistening noon-day clasped in each other's arms, peace stamped indelibly upon each marble face. No pain of looking back for them, and since even the truest love will sometimes wear threads with time, who can know but it was best so.

Harding understood what others did not, and his was the remorse which came through looking back.

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waist crowned with a wreath of jeweled orange-blossoms sparkling with diamond dewdrops; and over all, and sweeping the carpet, a bridal veil, encircling the shining figure like a cloud of mist. But the lovely head, the perfect face drooping in its exquisite modesty, and blushing and smiling at its own beauty, neither lace, nor velvets, nor jewels were aught compared to that.

"My darling!" cried Lady Agnes, in an ecstasy very, very uncommon with her, "you look like an angel to-night!"

"Dear, dear grandmamma, I care for nothing if I only please you. Are the rest all ready?"

"I have not been to see, but I am going. Do you know," lowering her voice, "a most singular thing has occurred."

"What?"

"It is only half an hour to the time appointed for the ceremony, the drawing-room is filled, everybody is there, but the one that should be there most of all."

"Who's that?"

"There's a question! Leicester Cliffe, of course."

"Has he not come, then?"

"No, indeed; and when he does come, he shall be taken most severely to task for this delay. The man who would keep such a bride waiting, deserves—deserves—the bastinado! No, that would be too good for him; deserves to lose her."

Vivian laughed.

"Oh, grandmamma, that would be too bad. Has Uncle Roland come?"

"Uncle Roland has been here fully an hour, and knows nothing about the matter. It appears the young gentleman has been out riding all day, and never made his appearance until dinner, when he drank more wine than is usual or prudent with bridegrooms, and behaved himself in a manner that was very strange altogether."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, I don't know; he was queer and excited, Sir Roland says; but he thought little of that, considering the circumstances. He has seen nothing of him since, and came here in the full expectation of seeing him here before him."

"Well, grandmamma, he will be here before the end of the half-hour, I suppose, and that will do, won't it?"

"It will do for the wedding, but it won't save him from a severe Caudie lecture from me—a sort of foretaste of what he may expect of you in the future. Everything seems to be going wrong, and I feel as if it would be the greatest relief to box somebody's ears."

Lady Agnes looked it, and Vivian laughed again.

"You might box mine, grandmamma, and relieve your feelings, only it would spoil my vail, and Jeannette would never forgive you for that."

But Lady Agnes was knitting her brows, and not paying the least attention to her.

"To think he should be late on such an occasion! it is unheard-of—it is outrageous!"

"Oh, grandmamma, don't worry. I am sure he cannot help it; perhaps, he is come now."

"Here come your bridesmaids, at all events," said Lady Agnes, as the communicating door opened, and the bevy of gay girls floated in, robed in white, and crowned with flowers, and gathered round the bride like butterflies round a rose, and—

"Oh, how charming! Oh, how lovely! Oh, how beautiful!" was the universal cry. "You are looking your very best to night, Victoria."

"So she ought, and so will you all, young ladies, on your wedding night," said Lady Agnes.

"Is it time to go down? has everybody come?" inquired one.

"It is certainly time to go down, but I do not know whether anybody has come. Hark! is not that your papa's voice in the hall, Victoria?"

"Yes. Do let him come in, grandmamma. I know he would like to see me before going down stairs."

Lady Agnes opened the door, and saw her son coming rapidly through the hall, looking very pale and stern.

"Has Leicester come yet?"

"No!"

"Good Heavens! And it is nine o'clock!"

"Exactly. And all those people below are gathered in groups, and whispering mysteriously. By Heavens! I feel tempted to put a bullet through his head when he does come."

"Oh, Cliffe! something has happened!"

"P'raps—is the bride ready?"

"Yes; come in, she wishes to see you—the bride is ready; but where is the bridegroom?"

"Where, indeed? But don't alarm yourself yet; he may come after all."

He followed his mother into the bride's maiden bower, and that dazzling young lady came forward with a radiant face.

"Papa, how do I look?"

"Don't ask me; look in the glass. You are all angels, every one of you."

He touched his lips to the pretty brow, and tried to laugh, but it was a failure; and then, nervous as a girl, for the first time in his life, with anxiety, he hurried out and down stairs, to see if the truant had come.

No, he had not come. The bonfires were blazing, the joy-bells were ringing, the park was one blaze of rainbow-light; all the clocks in the town were striking nine, and Leicester Cliffe had not come. Sir Roland, nearly beside himself with mortification and rage, was striding up and down the hall.

"Is she ready?" he asked.

"Yes," said the colonel, using the words of his mother, "the bride is ready and waiting, but where the devil is the bridegroom?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

## Yellowstone Jack:

THE TRAPPERS OF THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS."

### CHAPTER XVI.

YELLOWSTONE JACK AND THE WITCH.

YELLOWSTONE JACK and Brindle Joe pressed forward at top speed upon the trail of the weird woman. Yet their progress was comparatively slow, the bed of the canon growing more obstructed by bush and boulder the further they advanced, until, at last, the two trappers could not proceed faster than at a walk.

The weird woman had disappeared, but Yellowstone could hear her forcing a passage through the vine-clad bushes, whenever he paused to listen. It was quite evident that she knew they were pursuing her.

By this time Yellowstone had grown cool and collected as usual, and saw that unless he was more cautious he would lose his game after all. Nothing would be easier than for the

weird woman to slip into some of the numerous holes and coverts that lined both sides of the canon, and lie still until the trappers had passed by, then take the back trail and give them the slip without any trouble. If he could once drive the game from the canon, he felt confident of the result. Surely two trappers could run down a woman in a fair chase. And with this end in view he set to work.

Separating, he and Joe advanced leisurely, thoroughly beating the cover before them, to make sure the game was still afoot. Owing to their activity, they still advanced at a fair rate.

"Yender she goes!" cried Brindle Joe, pointing ahead, where he had just caught a glimpse of the weird woman who was fleeing with unabated speed and vigor.

"Make for the spot at once, then; no need o' wastin' time beatin' up whar we know she ain't," replied Yellowstone Jack, increasing his speed.

Little did either of the trappers dream what a prize they had missed by leaving this patch of brush unsearched. Even at that moment a pair of dark eyes were glaring at them from the cover. At any other time the acute sight of Brindle Joe would have detected signs of a fresh trail, but now neither he nor Yellowstone had eyes for aught other than the weird woman—for the slayer of their comrade, Chavez.

"I raly b'lieve the critter is a spook!" muttered Brindle Joe. "Look how she holds her own—we'd 'a' run a buck Injin down afore this, an' she don't 'pear to be fazed onemite!"

"Spook or human, I'm goin' to see the wind-up, or else b'ut somethin'," grated Yellowstone Jack. "If I can't ketch her a runnin', I'll try what varue that is in a quarter-ounce o' lead."

"Wish you'd 'a' run up that silver dollar," muttered Brindle Joe, dubiously. "Lead's no good than?"

"Don't know—the old man handled her like she was flesh an' blood. Don't reckon a spook 'd' fell so solid as she did ag'in the rocks. But that—spread out. We must keep her afore us if we want to make a coup."

In this manner the chase lasted over nearly two miles of the canon bed. At times the trappers would lose sight of the weird woman, and fearing she had sought some covert, hoping thus to give them the slip, they would beat the bushes, peer into every rocky niche as they passed by, and presently catch a glimpse of their game far ahead of them. Then another spurt would end as before. Yet they knew that this could not last much longer, for the canon ended less than half a mile further, after which the ground was more open. And upon this, they hoped to soon run the weird woman down, unless, indeed, she should prove the witch they had at first believed her.

"Jest look at the pizen cat!" exclaimed Brindle Joe, in a tone of wonder, pointing ahead.

Active and quick-footed almost as the mountain goat, the witch of the enchanted valley was scaling the rocks that blocked up the end of the canon. As Brindle Joe spoke, she gained the top, and waved her staff with a little cry of triumph toward the pursuers.

"Ef ye're human, hyar's what'll make ye a sperrit in good airnest!" gritted Yellowstone Jack, as he hastily leveled his rifle at the witch and fired.

When the smoke cleared, there was nothing to be seen but rocks and bushes. The trappers glanced at each other. The same thought might have been read in the eyes of both. Their superstition was fully aroused.

"I went smack through her an' she didn't winch," muttered Brindle Joe, nervously.

"I drew a fa'e b'ad—nur I ain't in the habit o' missin' marks o' bigness so close by. Ef she's human, I'd 'a' downed her, shore!"

"Reckon we'd better take the back trail. I don't like this kind o' business overly much—don't set well on my stomach," added Joe, with a sickly grin.

"You kin, if ye like, but I won't. I'll see this thing through or bu'st. I sot out to foler the—the critter, an' fol'er her I will, if she leads me to the very gates o' Hades itself," he liberally uttered Yellowstone Jack, as he carefully reloaded his rifle.

"It's the devil's work!" gasped Joe, trembling. "Yit—that's Yellowstone! Mebbe that's a hole or a trap down thar—mebbe it's only tricks, a'ter all."

With this the trapper attempted to descend the hollow. His foot slipped and he bumped down with more speed than comfort. Disregarding his bruises, Brindle Joe carefully searched upon every side for a hidden opening, but in vain. Not even a crack in the hard, smooth substance could be seen, but nothing large enough to conceal a kitteu. And yet there was nothing to be seen of the figure he had just caught a glimpse of. Little wonder that he was surprised.

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With this the trapper attempted to descend the hollow. His foot slipped and he bumped down with more speed than comfort. Disregarding his bruises, Brindle Joe carefully searched upon every side for a hidden opening, but in vain. Not even a crack in the hard, smooth substance could be discovered. Mad with disappointment, he stamped heavily on the side. It seemed solid. There was no echo.

ments, and he strove to drag her back. She kicked vigorously, and striking his shin, knocked his feet from under him, and then both fell together into the Boiling Spring.

A cry of horror burst from Brindle Joe's lips as he saw them disappear and saw the spray dash up, telling him that both had fallen into the medicine spring. And the superstition that was his second self whispered him that Yellowstone Jack had fallen blindly into a trap set for him by the spook, who had led them on in this wild race for no other purpose.

And still, while believing this, the faithful fellow ran forward and scrambled up the curb. He stood there as if petrified. Then a violent trembling seized upon his limbs.

The spring was quietly bubbling up in the center, as usual. Its waters were clear and limpid. The bottom was clearly visible, as well as the sides. There was not a trace of either the spook or the witch. Where had they gone?

With a cry of horror Brindle Joe tumbled down the white curb and dashed swiftly down the valley. But he did not run far before he checked himself, and glanced back. Then he uttered, huskily:

"Durned of I do! I tolle Yellowstone I'd see it through, an' I will—or die for't! He's gone—I kin feel it in my bones. Tain't likely he'll ever be let come back, but she will—she did once, fer this makes twicet I've seen'd her jump in thar. An' when she does come, she'll find me. Mebbe twon't do no good—but I'll shoot her off powder an' lead kin do the job. Sp'osin' it don't—what an' then? Mebbe she'll take me to whar Jack is!" and strange as it may seem, the rough trapper found consolation in the idea.

It was not his intention to venture another attack until certain of success, feeling confident that long ere the emigrants could regain the regular trail, where they might combine with other trains, the entire tribe of Blackfeet would be at his disposal, when he could crush his prey at a grasp.

Though worn and jaded, besides suffering considerably from the confusion upon his head, the outlaw could not compose himself to rest. Even though the train should be destroyed and the emigrants massacred, his work would have been for naught unless he recovered the maiden who was so strangely torn from his grasp.

By comparing notes, he knew that it would have been impossible for Minnie to have reached the train before the attack, and she certainly had not done so since. Then where could she be? Hiding among the hills? Certainly not, unless held a prisoner by some one, unless, indeed, she had fallen into some one of the many ravines or sinks. Could it be that Pethonista was holding her for himself—that he had set his head on having two white squaws? That was possible—with any other Indian it would be very probable.

Reasoning thus, Mat Mole scouted through the hills and around the emigrants' camp, in hopes of solving his doubts in one way or another. A little after daybreak he struck the trail left by the weird woman, some distance beyond the point where she had saluted the rival parties fighting for possession of the train, and his keen, well-trained eye soon discovered the prints of a small, slender foot, that he knew could only belong to one of the two maidens. Hoping it would prove to be Minnie's trail, he exerted his utmost skill for over an hour, losing the trail fully as many times in a hundred rods, finally being thrown entirely off the scent. The ground was dry and rocky. A human foot scarce left a trace behind.

For more than an hour he searched for the continuation of the trail, but in vain. It was lost beyond recovery. And then, as one is apt to do when sorely puzzled, he wandered on aimlessly, deep buried in thought. His head was bent down, his eyes resting listlessly upon the ground, when all at once he gave a start and stooped over some object that caught his gaze.

"It's the same track—only I don't see the girl's!" he muttered, eagerly. "Still, she is such a light weight, this ground wouldn't take much of a trail from her. I'll follow it now, or I'll do something else!"

Calling all his skill into play, Mat Mole did follow the trail until it led him to the foot of a pile of rocks that he knew formed one end of Bad Wolf canon. They evidently passed over this, and after some hesitation he resolved to follow it to the end. Once in the canon he soon picked up the broken trail, and found less difficulty in following it, though still he could see no signs of Minnie's having passed along there.

"Perhaps she's carried—anyhow, if not here, and I find this fellow, 'twill go hard with me, but I'll force the truth out of him, no matter who he is," he said.

Shortly after this Mat Mole heard a rifle-shot, mingled with a shrill yell that could only proceed from the lips of a death-stricken Indian. And knowing that the enemies of the Indians were equally his foes, the outlaw lost no time in *cacheing*.

A few minutes later he heard a yell from below, and then a wild, strange figure glided swiftly past his cover. The brief glimpse he had did not carry recognition with it, and he believed the fugitive was an Indian. He had about decided to follow after, to learn what had occurred, when he heard rapid footsteps, and cowered back. Yellowstone Jack and Brindle Joe dashed past him. Mole had never met them before, nor did he care particularly about making their acquaintance.

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"Mr. Creswell, we will not discuss the matter further, if you please; but I will enter immediately upon the search. The event will prove who is right."

Charley Brewster more than suspected where Fred had last seen Florence; so he rode directly to the glade. A little search revealed a place where a horse had been left standing, as indicated by the marks of his hoofs. Charley went down the bridle-path, and in the bower found a proof of her presence—her handkerchief. With this he rode back to his uncle in gloomy thought.

There was a bitter smile on Mr. Creswell's lips as he received it.

"You still think him a paragon of uprightness and virtue," he sneered.

"Excuse me, Mr. Creswell. I am going home; but I do not abandon the search, nor shall I, until Frederick Powell is proved innocent or guilty of this dastardly act!"

The stern look on his brow and the suppressed emotion in his voice showed that even his confidence was shaken at last.

At home he found a note awaiting him. It ran: "Come to me without delay. Eureka!" DRAPER."

These few words threw Charley into a fever of excitement. Leaping again upon his horse, he rode at the top of his speed to the place where he knew he would find the detective.

Mr. Draper put his fingers on his lips, and in silence ushered his excited young friend to a room and secured the door.

"Have you found Fred?" was Charley's first breathless question.

"No."

His face dropped in blank disappointment. "But I have found something of vastly more importance," pursued the detective, rubbing his hands in satisfaction.

"What?" asked Charley, with renewed interest.

"A person worth twenty Freds to us, at this stage of the game," continued Draper, mysteriously.

"Whom, pray tell?"

"CECIL BEAUMONT!"

"What?"

"No less a person than Cecil Beaumont." The detective was in an ecstasy of delight. Charley stared at him in blank bewilderment.

"Why, Cecil Beaumont is dead and buried!"

"Not a bit of it, my dear sir!"

"What do you say?"

"I said: 'Not a bit of it, my dear sir.' Didn't you understand me?" asked Draper, enjoying Charley's bewilderment.

"Yes, I understood you. But what do you mean?"

"That it is the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken."

"But I saw him with my own eyes. A score of his friends saw him. Then I saw and recognized him again in his grave. There was no room for mistake."

"You are sure?"

"I am positive."

"Yet the features were mutilated."

"Yes, but not so as to affect the immediate and unquestionable recognition of him."

"Mr. Brewster, if Frederick Powell was on trial before us now, could you swear to the identity of the body that was taken from Dead Man's Hole, and supposed to be that of Cecil Beaumont?"

"Without a shadow of hesitancy."

"Then he would not be the first innocent man whose life has been sworn away under a mistaken positiveness—that's all!"

The detective spoke with such assurance that Charley was staggered.

"Will you please to explain yourself?" he asked.

"The first instant that I set my eyes on the body lying out yonder in the graveyard, I knew that it was not the body of the man known to you as Cecil Beaumont."

"Known to us as Cecil Beaumont?" repeated Charley, inquiringly.

"That is not his real name; but excuse me from going into his early life."

"Well?"

"You doubtless noticed that I was very strongly affected at sight of the body?"

"I wondered at it somewhat?"

"You saw me lift the hair from one of the temples?"

"Yes, and I discovered a scar beneath the hair."

"Did Cecil Beaumont have a scar on his temple?"

"Not that I ever knew of. I remember thinking of it at the time."

"Mr. Brewster, that was confirmatory evidence of what I recognized by other signs. Cecil Beaumont has no such scar on his temple! The body yonder in the graveyard is not his."

"Who is it, then?"

"Excuse me; I cannot enlighten you yet. Enough that it is not Beaumont, and that I saw him last night in the flesh, alive and well."

"Mr. Draper, I can hardly credit your words. But if you knew both Beaumont and the man supposed to be him, and knew of their remarkable resemblance, it must be as you say."

"I have known both men for several years; and the mistake so nearly fatal to Frederick Powell was perfectly natural—indeed unavoidable. They were so nearly alike that their most intimate acquaintances would with difficulty have distinguished them, but for a scar which the mutilation hid."

"But how did it happen that this man, who so nearly resembles Cecil, was killed just at this time? And why has not Beaumont come forward and announced himself, to save an innocent man from the gallows?"

"To your first question, I reply that it is one of those inscrutable coincidences that sometimes happen in this world. With regard to your second question, I have my own thoughts. Time will prove whether they are correct. Until then, I say nothing. My immediate plan is to associate you with myself and several men whom I have already in my employ, and get possession of the man whom I know to be Cecil Beaumont."

"You may depend upon me, Mr. Draper, for all the assistance in my power, though I confess the whole thing is a puzzle to me," said the sorely-perplexed Brewster.

"I knew that I could count upon you. We start this evening at sunset."

"By the way, you may not have far to look for Fred. Of course you have heard of the disappearance of Miss Goldthorp?"

"No, I had not. When? And what has been of her?"

"She has been induced to abandon her home by Frederick Powell. If you can establish the identity of the man whom you say we were all mistaken in, and produce the real Cecil Beaumont alive, it may not turn out so calamitously as I feared. But Frederick, by his own confession, believed himself a murderer; and when he induced her to join him in his flight, he thought that he was linking her to a felon."

and making her life one long exile—an endless hiding from outraged justice. Such an act is inexcusable; it is a wrong without palliation. I have always esteemed him as my friend. I would not have believed him capable of so dastardly an action. I am humiliated to have to say that I have been most sadly mistaken in him!"

"Well, Mr. Brewster, you have had your say; now let me have mine. Frederick Powell never had anything to do with the disappearance of Miss Goldthorp, and is at this moment as ignorant as he is innocent of it."

"But, sir, we have his own word for it. See! here is his letter. I forgot to return it to Mr. Creswell."

The detective glanced at the letter and smiled.

"What do you think of this?" he asked, drawing a paper from his pocket and handing it to Charley.

It read:

"Answering awaiting the description of Frederick Powell as last night seen in this city. The matter did not come to the knowledge of the police. Until the man had again effected his escape. Prompt measures have been taken for a thorough search."

"That is a copy of a telegram received this morning from St. Louis," said Draper, watching Charley with a curious smile.

"Ah! but how easy to be mistaken in the identity of a person, where one has only a description to go by. The error which you ascribe to us, who have known the man for years, is ample illustration of my point."

"I admit that you have me there," laughed the detective; "and yet I have every confidence in the telegram."

"But, my dear sir, his own writing," persisted Charley, "And this letter must have been delivered yesterday, the very day on which you suppose him to have been hundreds of miles away."

Mr. Draper's eyes twinkled more merrily than ever, as Charley became earnest in the debate.

"Mr. Brewster," he said, "it seems to me very late in the day for you to yield your belief in humanity to the superficial appearances of things. Only a week ago you would not believe him guilty of forgery, though the suspicion rested upon precisely the same sort of evidence—what seemed to be his own handwriting."

"And do you mean to imply that this is not his writing?"

"It is more likely than in the other case?" Charley started with a new idea.

"And you say that Cecil Beaumont is alive—that you have seen him! What a fool I have been!"

"Not at all. It only goes to show that as soon as we begin to defend our opinions, we all of us become partisan."

"Mr. Draper, do you believe that Florence Goldthorp is in the hands of Cecil Beaumont?"

"From what you tell me, I have not the slightest doubt of it."

"My dear sir, she must be rescued, and that speedily! I shudder to think of her situation in his power!" cried Charley, earnestly, grasping the hand of the detective.

"She shall be released to-night."

"Not before? Why delay? Every moment must be an age of torture, and may see the consummation of a calamity that time cannot retrieve."

"We must risk it. I dare not move until after dark. Precipitancy now might lose her beyond recovery."

"But what prevents our going to her immediately?"

"I am under the constant espionage of Tiger Dick, through his emissary Shadow Jim, a most accomplished spy, I must admit. He would make a king of detectives! I have to proceed with the utmost caution, for fear of flushing my covey. Having you call upon me in open daylight is a move to make them think that I have not my eye upon them, and do not know of their spying. If they should suspect that I was familiar with their covert, they would fit, and then where should I look for them again?"

"I wait," said Charley; "but it is with the most soul-harrowing forebodings."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE TIGER RUNS TO COVER.

WHEN the news of Florence Goldthorp's disappearance reached Tiger Dick, he first swore roundly and then sat down and pondered deeply. In this second step he proved himself a philosopher; for while the former proceeding was productive of no results, the latter eventually gave him the key to the whole mystery.

"Sent for by Fred Powell, and run off with him—lie number one!" he declared, decidedly. "Fred Powell ain't within hundreds of miles of this little burg, to my knowledge. But if Fred didn't, who did?—that's the question. Who is interested in Miss Florence Goldthorp, aside from Fred Powell and Tiger Dick?"

Then, as his thoughts became more concentrated, he ceased speaking. Gradually his lips set in harder and harder lines; a slumberous fire began to kindle in his eyes, his form began to dilate and tremble, until, at the culmination of the storm of passion, he brought his fist down on the table with a ringing blow that made everything on it leap, and burst into speech.

"Hah! Is the catif playing me false? I spared him once (when I thought it to my interest to do so), but if he nigs in this game, curse him! I'll let daylight through his traitor carcass on sight! Yet who but he could do this? Pah! he cares nothing for the yellow-haired baby to whom he is engaged, and he is good as told me, on our first meeting, that he loved this one. Curse my stupidity in what I said to him night before last! A man's a fool when he's drunk, anyway! This is the result of it."

"Well, old man," he continued, apostrophizing the absent object of his wrath, "you've got the dead-wood on me this time; but if I don't make it hot for you next hand, just call me a flunkie or use my head for a football!"

He struck the table again, and leaping to his feet, began to pace the room.

At this moment the door opened and Shadow Jim entered.

"Hallo, boss! what's the row?" he asked, stopping on the threshold.

"Come in, Jim," said the Tiger, moodily.

"D'ye think it's perfectly safe?" asked Shadow Jim, teasingly. "I thought you was driving piles, by the noise. I don't know whether I want to trust myself alone with you, unless you think you are in a harmless state. What would my friends say, if they was to come in here and find the late lamented Jim all clawed up? Let me tell you that would be a very melancholy occasion—for Jim!"

No one could manage the Tiger, when in a rage, so well as Shadow Jim; and now his look of mock inquiry and apprehension and seriousness restored the irate gambler to good-humor.

"Stow chaff, and come in and shut the door, Jim," he said. "Here is something that will reassure you, I know."

And he pushed a decanter across the table. "Accepted!" cried Jim, with alacrity; and kicking to the door, he, to use his own expression, "waltzed up to the little lovey and brushed the dew from her sweet lips."

"And now," said the Tiger, "you have heard of this disappearance of Miss Goldthorp?"

"Pard, I have!"

"And do you believe that Fred Powell has

had a hand in it?"

For answer, Shadow Jim pulled down the corner of his eye, without removing his lips from the mouth of the bottle, at which he was also "pulling."

"Whom do you spot?"

"Cash!" was the laconic reply.

"My man!" cried the Tiger, with vindictive fire in his eyes. "Jim, we've got to put a hole in him, and hang him up somewhere to drain."

"And we've got a furlough to do it in," said Jim.

"Eh? what do you mean?"

"That we've took all the tricks we're goin' to git in this game. We've got to pull up stakes and light out for another clearin'; or well git bagged, sure."

"What's in the wind now?"

"Why, that sharp from the East (and not much from the East, either, accordin' to my calculation) has got jest the 'cutest little game' put up on us that you ever see!—I mean Billy Saunderson's bosom friend. It ain't the first time he's held the ribbons, old hoss, now I can tell ye! He's only waiting to git the pins all in a row—and he'll git 'em there, pard! he'll git 'em there, if we don't step out on line mighty lively—and then he'll rake 'em in, body and breeches! There won't be no mourners; you can bet your bottom red on that!"

"And when does he propose to call the board?" asked Tiger Dick.

"Who's to be our next President?" responded Shadow Jim, indicating by his reply that he had no means of judging when the detective would move.

"Look-a-here, pard," said the Tiger, an ugly look coming into his eyes, "if this sharp goes to bucking against me, he'll find that I wasn't kicked up hill and downdale in the mountains for fifteen years to be scared out by a flat in the States. I should hate awfully to turn tail, Jim, and we don't learn to crawlfish out in the diggin's."

"It's a knowin' sharp that cries quits when he's beat, Dick."

"But who says we're beat?" persisted the Tiger.

"Why, look at the run o' the cards yourself. There's no chance o' gittin' anything more than we've got already; you're booked for pullin' the bank; and the rest of us will be dancin' on nothing for takin' moonlight strolls on Dead Man's Bluff, the first thing we know. I tell ye, that sharp has handled jest as cunnin' fellers as you and me in his day. Anyway he can play jest as lively music as we want to git to, or I lose my guess."

"Well, there's nothing to stay for, as you say, and we've got to lay for the Prince; so I guess that ends the matter."

"By the way, I done a little runnin' around before I came in, and found out that Pat Donavan's hock and Pat Donavan's precious self are out of town."

"Which means the Prince and Goldthorp?"

"Nothing else."

"I suppose there's no use in our going to the hole in the ground? Of course he's made off with the sachel."

"Being a cashier, it would come natural for him to look after the rhino, you know," replied Shadow Jim, with a wink and a grin. "When you find him, you'll find that he has froze to it, take my word."

"Well, here goes!" said the Tiger, rising from the table briskly.

He and his satellite then made a toilet that would have struck an observer as very remarkable. While apparently dressed in simple walking suits, they had secreted about their persons disguises enough to puzzle a whole police force. With a last look about the room,

## BIDDIE'S LETTER.

BY JOZ JOT. JR.

Ooh, Pat, I got your letter.  
All fold'd so clame and nate.  
And as full of love and affection  
As a butcher shop's full of meat.  
I read it backward and forward,  
And I wish I had more of the sort;  
Each word began with a capital,  
Oh, Pat, except me name.  
And yet 'twas a capital letter,  
And I wish I had more of the sort;  
Six weeks ahead it was dated,  
And the length of the letter was short.  
I opened it very careful,  
For fear the thing would explode,  
And let out the love that was in it.  
That came such a very long road.  
And every word was printed,  
And the words I couldn't make out  
Were as sweet as the balance of them,  
As you meant them to be, no doubt.  
I read it upside downwards,  
And then I turned it around,  
And it breathed the breath of Patrick  
Who dances on Irish ground.

My eyes were dancing my darling,  
As the plates I just run away.  
That love comes like a boisterous—  
That's very rare done, I'd say.  
Your thoughts are as bright as a dishpan,  
And they glow like the kitchen fire;  
That letter is just the reference.  
That an Irish girl should require.  
I would lose my situation,  
For another letter like that,  
Though you write the words the wrong way  
With more ink than love in them, Pat.  
I've read it over and under  
Till there's nothing left in it at all,  
And then the post prescription  
Was as dear as a borrowed shawl.  
Write again a post-office letter,  
And fill it as full as you can  
With love, if it costs double postage,  
And I'll think you a broth of a man!

## LEAVES

## From an Actor's Life;

or, Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

VII.—The Boston Theater, Federal Street, the "Old Drury" of the City—Its Stage My Boyhood's Play-ground—The Plays and Players Who Were Famous There—The Curfew—The Mountaineers—Junius Brutus Booth—His Eccentricities

The Tremont Theater had its day, was dismantled, and turned into a music hall, and I became familiar with the Federal street theater—the Boston Theater was its name, and also called the "Old Drury" of the city, after Drury Lane Theater of London.

My uncle, Mr. Fox—father of Geo. L. Fox, the now famous *Humpty Dumpty*—was property man of the Federal street theater, and had general supervision over the building in the daytime, and he lived in a portion of the building, the entrance to the dwelling part being on what was then called Theater alley.

A row of stately warehouses was erected on the site of the old theater building the last time I was in Boston, and the locality was changed beyond my power of recollection. Since then the great fire swept through that district.

I do not suppose there is a vestige of Boston's "Old Drury" remaining, and the famous actors of that time have also passed away. My cousin George and myself, with other children, had the free run of the stage, in the daytime, and many a game of "Tag" and "Coram" have we had amid the old and dusty scenery.

I never appeared in any child characters on this stage—though I did as a man, in after years, and was concerned in the last performance given within its walls by a theatrical company.

On this stage the early celebrities of the drama in Boston had achieved their reputations. I heard them spoken of—many that died before I was born—and their names linger now in my memory.

There was Canfield, Fox, Poe, Bernard, Dykes, Morgan, Vining, Turnbull, Usher, Dickerson, Downie and Barnes among the men; and Powell, Stanley, Bassett and Henry among the women.

There was Duff, who was a great representative of the character of "Marmion," in a play dramatized from Sir Walter Scott's poem of that name; and his handsome and talented wife, May, who was considered as good a tragedie queen as ever walked a stage.

I remember the quaint old plays acted there, which are never presented now, and their very names are forgotten. There was the "Curfew," written by John Tobin, the author of the "Honeymoon"—the only play of his that still holds its place in the theater, and then very much abbreviated and condensed.

"The Gamester," "The Mountaineers," "Inkle and Yarico," and other plays long since discarded from the list of the acting dramas.

In the play of "The Mountaineers" I first saw Junius Brutus Booth, the great rival of Edmund Kean. He acted the character of Octavian. The play of "The Mountaineers" was written by George Colman, the younger—as he was called to distinguish him from his father, who was also a dramatic author, and he was very popular in his day. Many of his productions still retain possession of the stage, among which are "The Poor Gentleman" and "The Heir at Law." Both of these plays are still enjoyable when presented by a good company. They require good actors, however, and cannot be made secondary to fine scenery and costumes like so many plays of the present day.

The play of "The Mountaineers" though very good of its kind, is by no means of the same literary caliber as the two comedies I have mentioned. It is a kind of mongrel play, interspersed with singing by several nondescript comic characters, and is founded upon an incident in Cervantes' celebrated romance of Don Quixote.

The character of Octavian used to be a favorite one with tragedians in those days, though I could never see anything in it worthy of a good actor's exertion. He is supposed to be a young man, who, thinking himself slighted by his lady-love, turns hermit, and secludes himself in a cave in the forest, dresses himself in the skin of an animal, and deports himself in a crazy and ridiculous manner generally, and uses such language as:

"Should the gaunt wolf cross lovers in their path,  
I'd rend his rugged jaws asunder,  
That he no more might bay the moon with howling!"

The peculiar nasal twang to Junius Brutus Booth's voice gave this, and kindred speeches, a very telling effect; but this was by no means his great character.

I much preferred him in "Richard III," "Sir Edward Mortimer," in the "Iron Chest," (another play of George Colman, the younger, by the way, and this, like "The Mountain-

ers," was founded upon a novel, once popular, "Caleb Williams," written by an author named Goodwin,) "King Lear" and "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin."

In the character of "Junius Brutus" Booth was grand. When his father christened him with the name he little thought, I imagine, that he would ever personate that stern Roman father, who sacrificed his affection to his sense of duty and sentenced his traitorous son to death, and gave the signal himself for his execution.

In his turn he named his eldest son Junius Brutus, but, unfortunately for J. B., Jr., he could not transmit his genius with the name. No one was more conscious of this fact than the junior Junius Brutus.

"The public expect too much of me because my name is Booth, and I am my father's son," he used to say; but he was a very good actor, for all that, and a great favorite at the old National Theater in Boston. I shall describe this theater in due course, as a part of my career in Boston was on the stage of this old established Thespian temple.

The mantle of Junius Brutus Booth descended to his son Edwin. He now outranks his father in fame.

I have said that the elder Booth was the great rival of Edmund Kean. There were many resemblances in their style of acting, and Booth was charged with being an imitator. This charge induced him to visit America, and he was received with favor here—a favor which he always retained despite his eccentricity of disappointing an audience occasionally. If Edmund Kean had the best of it in England, Booth had decided the best of it in America.

He was so well satisfied with his reception in this country that he purchased a homestead near Baltimore, Maryland, and became a citizen. In his hours of leisure from his profession he cultivated his ground and became quite a farmer, driving a wagon, loaded with his produce to market, and disposing of it there as if this was the business in which he had always been engaged.

This was an eccentricity which was by no means peculiar to him. I have known a great many actors whose sole ambition for the future was to realize enough to buy a farm and retire from the stage.

The chief had a noble face, haughty and proud, and his dark hair, uncut, fell upon his shoulders. There was a gory mark upon his brow, and the breast of his tunic was stained with blood.

"You have come, Quetzal!" cried Cortez. "How have you dared to come to me alone, when you know that I show no mercy? Where is Mariana, the princess I gave into your care?"

"Spaniard," replied Quetzal, haughtily, "I am a man who can die bravely, if need be. Mariana is taken, but I should deserve a dog's death if I did not come to tell you how it changed."

"Speak then, and be not over-tedious."

"Mariana is taken by Hualta, the lord of Cholulu. Hualta hath sworn an oath that Mariana shall die, because she hath disgraced her blood by taking shelter in the bosom of an enemy."

"Look you, chief," cried Cortez; "you swore to me that you would conduct Mariana safe from Tlascalan to Cholulu. You have betrayed your trust, and deserve death; but I will give you a chance. What will Hualta do with Mariana?"

"He will take her to the mountains, and there sacrifice her to the Mexican god of war."

"Do you know the place of sacrifice?"

"I do." "Enough, then; I lay this work upon you, to follow and save Mariana from the hands of your enemies. As for me, I have made a vow never to turn aside from the work I have to do, and even for my love of her I may not break that vow. Do you swear that if you cannot save her, you will return to meet my vengeance?"

"I swear it," replied Quetzal, raising his hand on high. "If I cannot rescue Mariana, I can die with her. If I do not die, I will return to you, and meet any fate you have to give me. If I do not return, send horsemen to the altar in the Cholulan mountains, and there you will find my bones. My son will guide your men to the spot."

"Go!" said Cortez, briefly.

The chief threw his club over his shoulder, cast a haughty glance about him, and was gone. The word passed through the lines to 1st him pass, and once free of the camp, he plunged into the gloomy depths of the forest.

side you now. But a time shall come when I shall meet him, and try strength with him."

"You dare not, for your life."

"I ask you once more to be my bride. If you refuse, the blazing altar awaits you," hissed Hualta.

"I accept the torture. Better die here, by the hands of these unholy priests, than accept a death in life by your side. I have abjured your unholy rites and ceremonies. I am a Christian woman, and as a Christian woman I will die."

"Die, then, vile woman. Betrayer of your country, prepare to meet your fate."

At a signal, one of the priests advanced, with a bare knife in his hand. The monster had slain many victims, and there was a smile of demoniac malice upon his face, as he approached. Mariana took a step in advance, and met him boldly. The knife was raised above her heart, when the twang of a bow string was heard, and a broad headed arrow was buried to the feather in the bosom of the priest. The other, who had followed him, uttered a howl of dismay, and concealed himself among the rocks, while the gigantic form of Quetzal bounded into view, his sun shield before his breast, brandishing his huge club as if it had been a feather. One of the warriors sprung at him, and went down, his skull beaten in by the tremendous blow which fell upon it.

"Fly, Mariana!" cried Quetzal. "Cortez awaits you at Cholulu."

She darted down the path from which he had come, when she slipped and fell heavily. Dealing a tremendous blow at the head of Hualta, under which he reeled and half fell, Quetzal caught up the prostrate girl, and ran down the pass like a madman. The other warrior sprung to aid his chief, but Hualta waved his hand.

"With me, Tucalla," he cried. Together we will hunt this wolf to his death."

They bounded down the pass in close pursuit of the fugitive Tlascalan. He heard the quick patter of their feet, and knew that he could not escape them, impeded by the weight of the injured girl.

"I must turn and fight, Mariana," he cried.

"Can you not fly now?"

She made no answer, and, looking at her face, he saw that she had fainted. There was no hope now, unless he could conquer the two men in pursuit, both of them renowned warriors, Tucalla bearing a reputation but little in



"Traitor to your country, we meet at last!"

"Hear, oh, god of fortune!" he cried; "listen to the words of your son. Give me good fortune, Iztatl; give me to save Mariana from Hualta, and then give me death! Let me once place her in the tent of the great white man, and I can die at peace; for I do not greatly care to live, since she does not love me."

The path he entered ran through the forest to the mountain passes, and he knew the road well. It led to the old heathen fane in the mountain, where the last sigh of many a victim had gone up above the gray stone altar. He ran with the tireless speed of his race, thinking nothing of the weight of the weapons which he bore, or the heavy shield upon his arm. Ten miles of ground were quickly passed over, and as he wound his way among the rocks, he saw a smoke slowly rising over the cliff. A cry of agony burst from his lips, and he bounded forward like a grayhound on the scent. The fire was lighted! Perhaps the victim was already at the altar. Five minutes later he heard the sound of voices, and crawling like a snake among the rocks, looked upon a strange scene.

In the midst of a sort of amphitheater six persons stood, five men and a woman. The woman was Mariana, beloved by the conquering Cortez, and his interpreter with the Aztec tribes. Truly the old chronicler said: "Mariana was a noble woman!" Face more fair, or form more stately, was seldom given to woman. Before her stood Hualta, a man of powerful frame and saturnine brow, dressed and armed like Quetzal. In front, upon an altar, the victim was already at the altar. Five minutes later he heard the sound of voices, and crawling like a snake among the rocks, looked upon a strange scene.

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Two warriors, armed to the teeth, stood behind Hualta, who was regarding Mariana with a gloomy brow.

"Mariana," he said. "In the days that are gone, when you, a princess of Yucatan, were the pride of your race, Hualta loved you, and would have made you mistress of his land. You scorned me then, and from that hour the fires of vengeance have burned in my heart like incense in an altar. At last I have you in my power."

"What care I?" replied Mariana. "If I must die, I can at least remember that I have been loved, and by all the conquering hero who will bring all Mexico to his feet. Hualta, in the days when I knew him not, I waited for his coming. When I did not dream of him, I hated you, as I hate you now."

"The fire is blazing on the altar!" cried Hualta. "You are beautiful, and worthy to be the bride even of Hualta, lord of Cholulu. Reflect, before it is too late, and the priests, instead of slaying you for the sacrifice, will deck you for the bridal."

"You offer me life on the hardest terms you could propose, Hualta. I could not be so false to the love I bear my hero, as to accept it. What, your wife? I, who could not love the gallant Quetzal, the bravest of the brave, stoop so low as you?"

"The Tlascalan is a traitor, and it is well for him that he escaped me, or he would stand be-

fore you now. Placing Mariana upon the earth in a sitting posture, supported by the rocks, he raised his sun shield before his breast, and, whirling his war club above his head, awaited the rush of his enemies, who were now close at hand.

First came Hualta, his shield unraised, and his right hand grasping the ponderous war club. On his right, holding his spear ready for a thrust, stood Tucalla. Quetzal stood

there boldly, his eyes flashing defiance at his foes.

"Dog!" cried Hualta. "Traitor to your country, we meet at last."

"Welcome, Hualta," replied the gallant chief. "Quetzal and you will not part easily, be sure of that."

His weapon descended upon the shield of Hualta with such force that, for the moment, his arm was paralyzed, and he could hardly hold the shield. Quetzal bounded aside, and rushed upon Tucalla, while his weapon was yet lowered after the blow which he had dealt Tucalla. He could only interpose his shield, which burst from its fastenings, under the descending weapon of Hualta, and Quetzal dropped upon his knee. The Cholulan heaved up his weapon to repeat the blow, when Quetzal darted the edge of his shield against his breast, with such force that he was hurled three paces backward, staggering like a drunken man. Before he could recover, Quetzal was again on his feet, but his left arm hung powerless, and he was no longer able to uplift his round sun shield. But his right arm was strong, and he made his weapon play about his head with dazzling swiftness.

"Cholula's daughters will weep for the great chief Hualta," cried Quetzal, with a wild laugh. "I care not for the shield, for with this I can make a wall about me. Coward; keep your shield!"

Quetzal flung away his shield.

"Never shall it be said that Hualta, the Cholulan, feared to meet a Tlascalan on equal terms," he said.

Mariana rose slowly from the earth, and looked at them as they clashed together. It was a battle of giants, for the Cholulan was fully the equal of Quetzal in length of limb. The great weapons clashed together with terrible force, and small splinters flew from the sharp edges of the *itzilli*. The left arm of Hualta dropped useless by his side, and he felt his strength failing fast. He must conquer soon, or all hope was over. Grasping the huge club with both hands, he rushed desperately upon the brave Tlascalan, and struck him a terrible

blow, so frightful that a cry of agony burst from the lips of Mariana. But, manning himself with an effort, and shouting his terrible battle cry, his weapon descended upon the unguarded head of Hualta, and the proud lord of Cholula lay dead at the feet of the Tlascalan chief.

Quetzal dropped his weapon, and glared wildly about him. The beat of hoofs could be heard, and the golden beard of Alvarado gleamed, as he spurred his horse up the rocky pass, ahead of his men.

"Come, come!" cried Quetzal. "She is here, and safe. Say to Cortez that the Tlascalan chief has kept his oath."

Before Alvarado could reach him, he fell like a strong tower, and lay extended upon the rocks at his feet. The brave chief, his duty done, lay dead before the fair woman whom he had so bravely defended. The cavaliers took up the body, and rode sadly back to camp; and when they buried him, every head was bowed in sadness, for they knew that a gallant man had gone home.

## A Race With a Grizzly.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

WE had been at Wilson's Creek four or five days, when one pleasant afternoon, as Hadley and Reckless Ray, accompanied by Kirwan, were out to their traps, Max proposed that he and I should take a hunt together. I assured him that nothing would suit me better; and, accordingly, we left camp immediately.

Gangs having become scarce in the immediate vicinity of the camping-ground, it was necessary to make a larger *detour* than had been